

# A PAGE FOR WOMEN AND THE HOME

## THE DAILY SHORT STORY

### Canfield's Adventure.

BY LOUISE OLIVER.

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On rounding a curve of the beach, young Canfield spied a tent and on the other side a thin column of smoke. His breath came in quick gasps, signifying that he had been printing for some distance.

"Thank goodness!" he wheeled. "I'll get the fisherman to help me hunt."

But on the other side of the tent he found, instead of an old salt, a girl frying bacon in a long-handled skillet.

"I beg your pardon," gasped Canfield, "but did you see an elephant go along this way?"

The girl turned and regarded him curiously. "Perhaps I did. I may have, but you see, so many elephants go by early in the morning that I really don't notice them particularly. Was your elephant any special kind—pink or striped or something like that?"

Canfield flushed. "Really, I'm not joking. I've lost an elephant, don't you know. A really truly one, trunk, tusks and all, same as any other elephant except that—oh, he may have been carrying a bunch of blue balloons."

The girl turned the bacon with a laughing fork before she answered. "Well, I'd certainly remember the blue balloons. No, I haven't seen your pet. Why don't you buy him a sleeping basket? That's what I put Toto in every night. You can shut them up, you know, and lock them if necessary."

"Oh, I say! You're still kidding, and I was never more serious in my life. You see, Old Rusty can do a lot of damage if he wants to. I had him chained to a big white oak tree."

"And he ran off with the tree as well as the blue balloons!" Canfield laughed at last and the girl, putting down her pan, laughed too. "You actually have a sense of humor after all!" she said. "Really I've never heard of anything so funny. How on earth did you happen to lose an elephant? How, in the first place, did you happen to have him at all?"

"Just because I'm a silly ass! Van Kleek and I were motoring through a village near here and it happened to be circus day. It seems happened to be bad and while we were having lunch at the hotel we heard that the whole outfit was being sold by the sheriff. Van Kleek and I hurried over and he dared me to buy the trick elephant. I got him for \$25, including the canopy for Sambo to ride in during the street parade as the great Maharajah of Bellhugger. And then some imp out of hatred put another notion into Van's head. 'I'll bet you \$5,000,' said he, 'that you're not game to ride the rest of the way on this peanut-eating beast into the borough of Manhattan and up Fifth avenue to—'

Canfield stopped in confusion. "To where?" she demanded. "To a friend of mine," he finished evasively.

"Well," she answered, "if \$5,000 looks as big to you as it does to me, I don't blame you. I suppose you won't get it now since your pet has escaped."

"Not unless I can find him."

"It ought not to be hard. What's that up in the air out over the water?"

She shaded her eyes from the sun, and

## NO FLARE IN PARIS GOWN



BY BETTY BROWN.

It's from Paris, this simple one-piece frock. You'll notice there isn't a suspicion of a flare to it. And the skirt is rather long—it's the way they are making the gowns in Paris now.

It's made of duvety in beige color and both material and color are exceedingly popular this autumn season. The collar, the cuffs and the buttons, too, are of jade green. The mushroom hat is gold tinted velvet faced under the brim with green crepe; the plume at the back is in many shades of gray and black.

pointed to an object moving seaward. "If it was the Fourth of July I'd say it might be an elephant, as it isn't, I'm afraid it isn't."

She went into the tent and returned with fieldglasses. "It looks like grapes," she ventured.

"The balloons, by Jove! That's part of the bet gone. I was to carry them on my triumphant entry into the Metropolis. Well, I must be going if I want to find his highness today!"

"May I help you hunt?"

"Nothing I'd like better." His face lighted up instantly.

"I'll take Toto. He's splendid for tracking things."

"Fine! No reason in the world why he shouldn't think an elephant an overgrown field mouse!"

"Here, Toto! Come, doggie! Why, where is he? Toto come here, sir!"

But no doggie responded. "What do you suppose? Your nasty old elephant has eaten him up—that's what."

Canfield shifted uneasily. "Do you really think an elephant could pass here without you seeing him?"

"Before I was awake. Certainly."

"He wouldn't eat your dog. But he could put him up in the cupola thing and give him a ride." Suddenly he gave a whoop. "Look here quick! Here are his tracks, about as big as a wash tub! Come on! Up this way. Let's hurry!"

They followed the trail up the beach, then across a grassy swamp to a grove of young saplings.

"I believe I hear him," he whispered. There was a crashing among the trees followed by a short, sharp bark.

"Toto!" exclaimed the girl. "Sh! He's right over there! How do you catch elephants?"

"I don't know. Don't you lasso them?"

"Goodness, no."

"Couldn't we telephone the police?"

"Yes, if we had a telephone. Great guns, he's coming this way."

"Mercy, I'm getting terribly frightened. I wish I hadn't come."

He reached for her hand and held on to it. "Now listen. He won't hurt us if we just keep still. He's used to people. Picks 'em up and carries them all around in the circus. If he spies us let him alone and see what he'll do."

Sure enough the elephant came their way. The girl gripped Canfield's hand hard, but she didn't make a sound. The animal seeing them, centered up and stopped. Then gently he wrapped his trunk around Canfield's companion, lifted her over his head and set her carefully in the gilded box on his back. Then Canfield, too, felt himself lifted off his feet and the next instant he was beside the girl.

"Toto, you darling!" The little brown Pomeranian had jumped into his mistress's arms, yelping for joy.

"Well, this is what I call homelike," exclaimed Canfield. "If we'd only brought some of that bacon. I'm hungry as a bear."

"Where do you suppose he's going?" cried the girl, for the elephant had started off toward the road at a gentle lope.

"Let us hope to the Bronx Zoo. Any place toward civilization and food. If we only had Sambo now he could lead us up Fifth avenue and we'd still have a chance at the money. But—" he stopped suddenly. He had forgotten that he was to present himself at the door of a certain lady. He turned and took a good look at the girl beside him, slim and graceful in a blue sweater suit, her light brown hair blowing in little curls around her ears and forehead and the flush of exercise and excitement in her cheeks. She was very, very pretty! His hand still tingled where she had touched it. She raised her eyes suddenly as if to speak, then, seeing his own upon her, she dropped them, flushed a deep red and was silent.

"What were you going to say?" he asked.

"I know something!"

"What?"

"I'll tell you some time again. You are going to be very, very angry when I tell you, so I'd rather postpone it."

"Promise to tell me some time."

"Yes. Look. Here's a car."

"Van Kleek! And somebody's with him!"

The car stopped and, strange to say, the elephant stopped too. Van Kleek's companion got out and slipped a chain on the elephant's legs.

"Hello, Rusty, old boy!" said the man.

"Thank heaven, you're safe," called Van Kleek. "I worried over that fool bet till I couldn't sleep. Come on down out of that. You've won! Let his owner take him for goodness' sake."

Then Canfield heard the girl give a queer little click with her tongue. The elephant reached up with his trunk, took her gently around the body and set her on the ground. Then he did the same with Canfield. Last came Toto, who barked madly around them all.

"Sort of a family reunion, isn't it, father," said the girl, leaning her head against the man's arm and looking mischievously at Canfield out of the corners of her eyes. "Let's all go down to my tent and have breakfast."

"I second the motion," assented Canfield, when he found his voice. "Van Kleek, make that five thousand over to our friend here will you, and let him buy back his circus."

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## HEALTH HINTS

Children of consumptive parents are likely to have a predisposition or susceptibility to the disease. This can be overcome by the following things:

All restrictions of the normal functions of the body should be avoided. Clothing should be neither too tight nor too warm, but suitable for the season and weather.

To promote vigorous circulation of the blood, which is one of the best safeguards against taking colds, it is well after the first year to accustom the child gradually to use of the cold bath.

Beside the cold bath every day a bath with soap and hot water should be used at least once a week.

Proper outdoor exercise, regular habits, especially as to meals, simple and nutritious food, good cheer and plenty of sleep all promote digestion and well being.

At as early an age as possible children should be taught to eat with deliberation, to chew their food very thoroughly without swallowing it, to cleanse the teeth thoroughly after each meal; to see that the bowels move properly every day and that the functions of the urinary organs and the skin are properly performed. Candy and highly seasoned food should be used but sparingly.

The child should not be permitted to keep late hours and should sleep alone in a well-ventilated room. In winter the common tendency to have the air of houses too warm and too dry, as a cause of colds and atarrh and should be avoided.

Delicate children should not be allowed in sick room and their attendance at large assemblies of people, in crowded movie shows and public meetings where had air and excitement about should only be permitted with caution. School children especially should be encouraged to practice active out-of-door sports that tend to develop the chest and lungs.

It is it harmful? A few oranges a day will not hurt.

How to Treat Croup Externally

Rub Vicks' "Vapo-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest for a few minutes—then cover with a warm flannel cloth. Leave the covering loose around the neck so that the soothing medicated vapor may loosen the choking phlegm and ease the difficult breathing. One application at bedtime insures against a night attack. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00. At drug stores.

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VICKS' VAPOR SALVE

## CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

Last night Ellene and I sat out on deck until late. The sea was like glass and the moon made a path of silver straight down to the easy chair in which I sat.

For a long time neither of us said anything and I could see that Ellene was quite engrossed in her thoughts as I, and as mine were quite perplexed I did not disturb her for a long time. Pretty soon the children, accompanied by their nurse, came to bid their mother good night.

Neither of us said anything for a long time after the children left, but finally Ellene spoke: "I wonder if this same moon is shining over the Veil in Africa where Harry is sleeping?"

"Is it night in Africa now?" I asked with a little laugh. "I confess I know very little about longitude and latitude, though I taught geography for some years."

"Well," she replied, "you know we always like to think of those we are interested in as sleeping when we sleep and as waking when we wake."

"You don't say those we love, Ellene," I said, and then I stopped for thought how impertinent the observation was. She looked at me rather seriously, then said:

"Margie, have you ever thought much about us—women, you know—and our relation to marriage and men?"

I laughed, for I thought if she could get into communication with you, little book, she would perhaps think that I thought of nothing else.

"I wonder," she continued, "if you have ever thought of that recent theory of the advanced feminists, that in most women love—the love that we glorify so greatly—dies in a woman when her child is born—that motherhood is just another phase of womanhood, as is girlhood and wifehood."

"When I married Harry Symone I was the happiest woman on earth. Today, dear Margie, I cannot conceive that there is such bliss in the world as there was in my wedding day. And he loved me, Margie, I am sure of that."

"You know I am not very demonstrative, Margie, and perhaps that is the reason that Harry tired of me quickly. Oh, yes," she said quickly as I tried to interrupt her. "I know, he tired, and so do you or he would not have had to raise the anguish-drawn face and look at me from the other

side of the coffin in which lay the mother of Budge and Toody.

"Margie, I am wondering if my love for him died then. At the time I thought it did and then when he came back from abroad I decided that it did not."

"Certainly his love for me faded up again and it seemed almost as though that terrible episode of the twins was a dream. And then Ellene was born, and immediately I knew that I had wanted motherhood—my child fills every nook and corner of my life. Harry really means nothing to me—I mean I am not particularly happy when he comes, neither am I disconsolate when he goes. Margie, I would not be mad with grief if I never saw him again."

"I have been wondering, dear, if all women feel this way after they become mothers, or is it the terrible shock that Harry gave me when the twins were born that has made me like this?"

"Tell me how you feel, dear, you have never had to go through what I have."

## DOINGS OF THE DUFFS—(WILBUR RECEIVES AN OBJECT LESSON.)—BY ALLMAN.

